WRESTLING THEN & NOW

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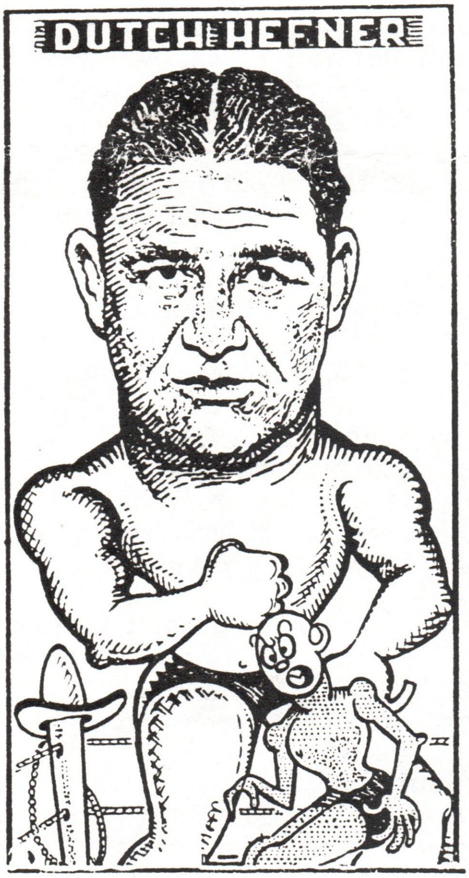
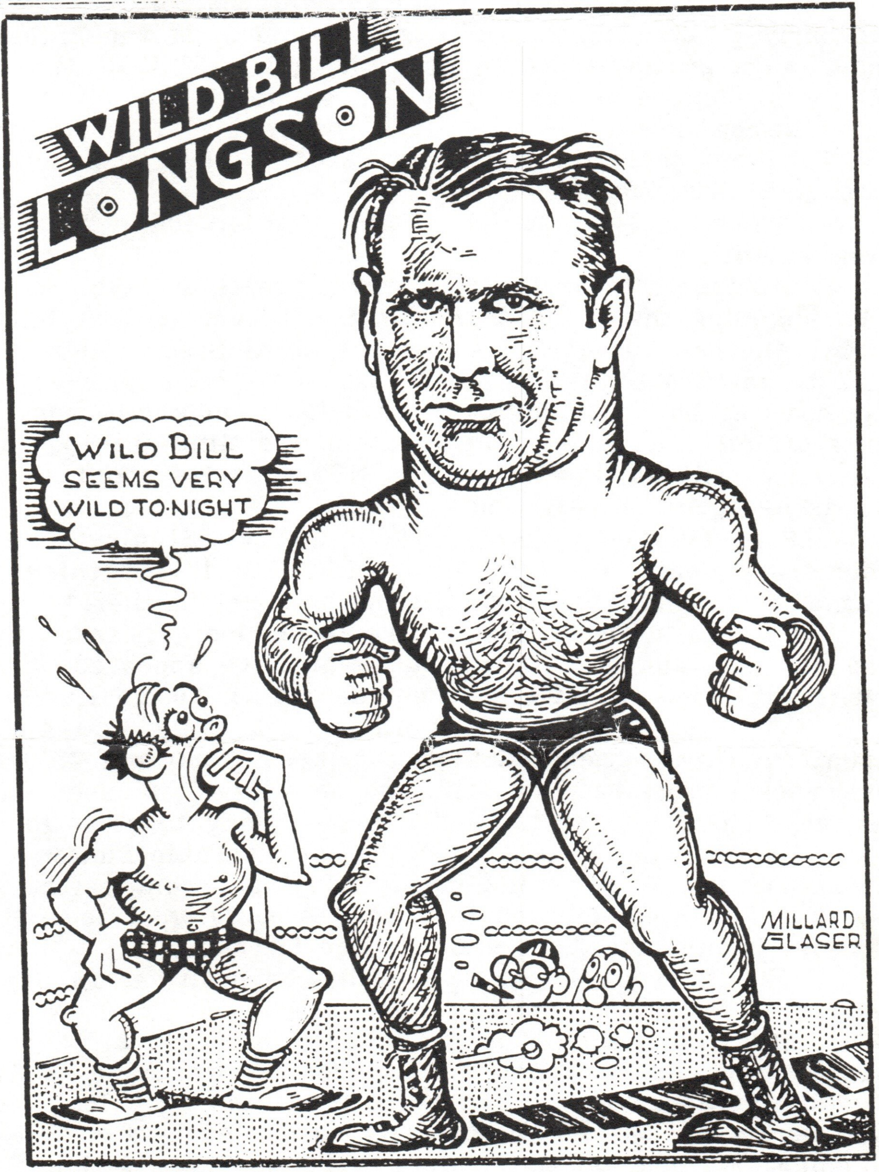
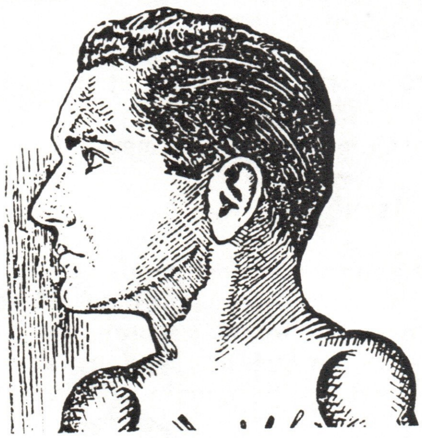

DUTCH HEFNER

"THIS IS MY BIG OPPORTUNITY"


WILD BILL LONGSON
WILD BILL SEEMS VERY WILD TO-NIGHT
MILLARD GLASER



Hollywood's George Holmes faces a tough assignment when he meets George (Kayo) Koverly on the Friday night, June 17, wrestling card at air-cooled Kield Auditorium.

GINZBURG'S SUMMER GAB!

What's happenin'? The only man in America who still uses Beta and doesn't own a CD player is back with another blast from the past...

Anyway, let's get the plugs out of the way (after all Jeff Zinger crowned me the "King of Shameless Self- Hype" in the Arena Report Annual and I'm rich beyond my wildest dreams because of it! In fact, sometimes the sheet even runs at a small profit!)- WT&N's 1993 Annual- Rarities, Oddities and Territories remains available at 60 pgs/$8...WT&N 1992 Annual, The Great Territories- 50 pgs/$7...and back issue packages 1-42 is only $25. May even be putting out a WT&N nostalgia T-Shirt, but if I do it I want to do it right, so I'll let you know about all the details as they occur IF I go through with it. I don't have a huge readership (guess you'd call it a "devoted cult following") so it's chancy. Speaking of which, since David Koresh had a pretty good run ("give me your wives, daughters and deeds to your home"), maybe I can start telling people I'm the reincarnation of George Hackenshmidt or something and start my own cult!

It's a joke, folks...

As Gershwin said, it's "Summertime...and the wrestling is lousy..." (well, maybe those aren't the EXACT words!). Nonetheless, if the wrestling NOW doesn't cut it for you, here's a few little trivia facts I picked up from Mike Lano's old Tolos Brothers Fan Club Newsletter whose prestigious correspondents included Ron Dobratz, John Arezzi and Dave Meltzer! Anyway, remember when Jack Blassie, "Brother of Fred" wrestled in the Olympic in L.A. in the early 60's during Fred's tour of Japan after the Rikidozan match? When Fred got back, they had a grudge match in which he nearly "killed" the imposter? Anyone remember who that was? None other than Gene Anderson.

Remember when Spiros Arion garnered a RARE pin vs. Sammartino in a tag match. ANYBODY out there remember the match? Well, it was Arion & Bob Duncum vs. Bruno and Strongbow 3/22/75 Philly.

Remember who was John Tolos' "Million Dollar Baby" in L.A. in '75? None other than Greg Valentine.

Ginzburg's three favorite travel/wrestling days: waking up with an old girlfriend in S.F., spending the day with her in San Diego, and catching a Lucha show in Tijuana that night. Another was going to services at Al Green's church in Memphis and dashing out in time to catch a Lawler/Jarett vs. Moondogs bout at the Mid South Coliseum. #3 was any of the days at Lano's Muchnick Convention (you know- the event that was never supposed to come off and was merely the greatest wrestling get-together EVER!).

I'm still waiting for enough NOW to write about so the title of the sheet doesn't come off as deceptive advertising!

Hope everybody gets a kick out of Vic Stanley's wild article this issue. No, it isn't your traditional sheet piece, but I LOOK to do something different with WT&N each issue. Be warned, though, it has some steamy material in there!

Thanks to Pez Whatley, Mike Lano, George Maranville, Fabulous Kangaroo Al Costello, Jim Cornette and the other greats who have appeared on my radio spot in NYC- WBAI- 99.5 FM (Light Show- 3 AM Fri. nites/Sat. morn). I'm on live with a guest or two last Fri. of Sept., Nov. etc.- every 2nd month approximately 3:30-4:30 AM and also do a 5 minute update/history segment each week between 3:30 and 4:00 AM. It's real tongue in cheek (i.e. one week I proclaimed wrestling so dead that I focused on Mexican Midget Wrestling!). Anyway, checkitout or tell a NY based buddy to do it for 'ya...

Serious jams caught live: the incomparable Buddy Guy, NRBQ (formerly managed by Lou Albano!), Ohio Players, Kid Creole and the Coconuts (the greatest band in all the land and the Kid's a former English teacher like moi!). And some flicks worth catching- Nemesis, Dragon, Bennie and Joon & Enchanted Summer.

That'll about do it! Be healthy, be positive, and enjoy the issue....

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COVER ART- ST. LOUIS 1949

HEY KIDS, WE COULD PUT ON A SHOW! BY: RICHIE OLANDER

In 1992, WCW had a "Clash of Champions" that promised "old and rare" footage of the NWA's 20 year association with Ted Turner's WTBS Super Station. But like just about everyone else, I was disappointed in the length of the clips. Now some promotions like Mike Labell's old Los Angeles promotion simply "taped over" previous shows as 3/4 inch professional tape was very expensive and they were on a budget. Even if the WWF had their TV shows on master tapes they have a reputation of disregarding the past. But credit must be given where it's due. Vince McMahon has stocked the stores with videos reasonably priced (about $10). While they probably don't run over an hour and are basically rehashed matches, they will probably sell (at least for kids) extremely well. That brings me back to Ted Turner. While some tape collectors do have "Georgia Championship Wrestling" with Gordon Solie, not much is around. One has to wonder why Turner doesn't go the WWF way. How many of you would give your right arm (or $10) for an hour of NWA greats such as Mr. Wrestling, Dusty Rhodes, The Funks, The Briscos, Harly Race, the early Road Warriors, Jake Roberts, Roddy Piper, The Freebirds, Ric Flair and so many other great stars who wrestled in that famed TV studio. From what we saw on that clash the master tapes are there. Although I'm not a lawyer, I can't see any legal problems. Trade-marketing names (just ask Vince) can't stop Turner- they already showed Ric Flair & Roddy Piper on that anniversary Clash. Also Honkey Tonk Man and Ric Rude (among the first) challenged McMahon and won. And it's not like the WCW completely forgot about the NWA and burned the tapes like Nixon should have. Heck, they even recognize an NWA World Champion today! OK, here's where we get to the title of the article. Why not drop Turner a line and let him know there is a market out there for those classic shows. Let them know while you still support the WCW, history must be preserved! Simply address it to Turner Broadcasting, Wrestling Division, Atlanta, Ga. I'm sure they'll get the letter- let's hope they get the message!

(EDITOR'S NOTE: My buddy Richie Olander offers an amazing list of videos of every type and time period imaginable. He's an HONEST tape dealer who will give you a quality product- write for his list at 50-48 47th St. Woodside, NY 11377 or call at 718-786-8869. Enclose a 52 cent stamp with SASE for massive list. One amazing tape is an ultra-rare 2 1/2 hour Sheik compilation dating back to the 1950's (as the Sheik of Araby) and covering his work in many different territories. Usually $25, Rich is offering it for $20 to WT&N readers and you just can't find this anywhere else.)

Wrestling . . . King Of Sports

Wrestling has snowballed into one of America's favorite sports and has gained the reputation of being an all-round attraction for children as well as adults.

The modern type of wrestling as we know it today, had its beginning long, long ago. It was a favorite pastime as well as being placed on a competitive basis at times.

Ancient Egyptian drawings that have been recently unearthed, have shown that men were grappling with each other at least 1,000 years before Christ was born, and this may have helped lay the foundation for what we know as wrestling today. IWth the Greeks, it was a popular sport but at times, became rather bloody, because it seems that there were no holds barred.

The Greco-Roman type originated in the 19th Century in France. Some of the rules of this game have carried over to today's mode of wrestling as have older types. In this kind of wrestling, there are no legally recognized holds below the waist.

The catch-as-catch-can form of wrestling is about the best way to describe what we know as wrestling today. Leverage, strength and a high degree of skill packed into one package are the makings of a really good wrestler. And one of the best examples that the wrestling game boasts was an American named Frank Gotch who was World Champion way back in 1912. With Gotch's claim to the Championship, the American people really became interested in this sport and have been taking an active part in it ever since.

So, when you see a wrestling match today, don't think that you are just looking at a couple of guys who don't have anything better to do than sling each other around the ring, because it is not that at all!! They have spent long hours in training and developing their bodies so that possibly in the future their name will be counted with some of the all time greats that have, through the centuries, brought enjoyment to millions of people in the game that we all love so well, WRESTLING!

MY SORDID ADOLESCENCE

Being the Unauthorized Autobiography of a Misspent Youth Only Partially Related to Professional Wrestling

by Vic Stanley

Sordid is a term which truly describes my unseemly adolescence. Even as a child I felt a weird attraction to the seedier side of life as represented by a specific genre of low budget films. Admission to such legendary drive-ins as the 41 Outdoor, the Grayslake Outdoor and the McHenry Outdoor in suburban Chicago was a rite of sexual passage in those days. The term "Going to the Drive-In" was synonymous with "Oh boy, I'm getting laid this weekend!" But much to the chagrin of my first few teenaged girlfriends, I was probably the only male in the entire lot who struggled out of passionate embraces so I would not miss any particularly graphic scenes in films such as **They Call Her One Eye, Candy Stripe Nurses, Don't Look in the Basement, The Undertaker and His Pals** and **The Embalmer**. It didn't take them long to discover that my priorities were not the same as some dumb jock football player with a chronic case of blueballs. They thought I was rather strange although I considered myself merely "honorable".

Fortunately for my own sanity, I eventually ran into a small, select group who had the same bohemian yearnings as myself, including some liberal minded young women. We shared the philosophy that "We can get laid anytime but THIS is Herschell Gordon Lewis!" Visions of Fuad Ramses danced in our heads like some demented sugar plum fairy. Self expression became an overwhelming obsession which we all dealt with in our own ways. A couple of us were thrown out of art class for stretching the boundaries of what was then (and even now) considered acceptable and tasteful. One of these victims of societal oppression eventually moved to San Francisco and became quite successful in TV graphics. Some of my newfound female cohorts expressed their artistic inclinations by becoming exotic dancers at respected venues such as the L & L Club and the Cheetah II. "Mom, I would like to introduce you to Tina. She's a dancer...the exotic kind." With the aid of fake ID's printed in graphic design class we regularly attended these clubs to give these upstanding young ladies our moral and immoral support. Initially the credibility of these IDs was questioned by burly fellows who all seemed to be named Rocco or Gino but we eventually gained their "trust" by pleading "You just have to let us in! We go to school with 2 of the dancers!" The inference was that we were aware of the fact that they were employing decidedly underaged girls and that free passage would assure our silence at the hands of the authorities if it ever came to that. For some reason, Gino and Rocco chose not to kill us on the spot and we soon became house regulars. We didn't drink alcohol anyway, and we paid top dollar for watered down Pepsi. And we NEVER ate the food. There might have been something gratifying about munching on a chewy corned beef sandwich while watching strippers gyrating 2 feet in front of us but the thought of finding pubic hair in my tomato soup was somehow unappetizing to me. Even though the mob (ie. organized crime) influence was obvious and initially pretty scary, we found the club people to be very nice. They lived by their own set of standards and practices and, as long as the rules were observed, there was no trouble. Not only were the club owners protective of our female cohorts, but eventually the bouncers developed a kind of fondness for us too, in a manly sort of way of course. "Come in quick. Don't let anybody see you." This meant that we spent an inordinate amount of time hiding out in the dressing room area when the law popped in to check things out. The term STRIPPER - DRESSING ROOM is an oxymoron.

During this time, in addition to a brief and eminently unsuccessful stint as a professional wrestler under the now notorious pseudonym of **Butch Bigelow - the Little Bully**, I was the lead singer in a variety of area rock bands including **Crimes Against Fashion** and **the Stimulants**, which further expanded my circle of artsy, countercultural acquaintances and the realm of my personal experiences. My stripper friends returned the favor by enthusiastically supplementing some of our live gigs on their rare nights off. Whenever we played at private parties (always the most

DOWN MEMORY LANE

by Gene Gordon

One of the wildest nights your reporter remembers took place here back in 1947 on a hot summer night in August.

Appearing here at the Old Charlotte Auditorium then, was a real tough cookie who had been causing quite a lot of havoc with his rough type of Wrestling for several weeks. He had been man handling the Fans favorites and local fans had been yelling for his blood, hoping to see some guy tear him apart.

The fellow was the late FRANK HEWITT, a big, black haired, hairy chested, 245 pounder, a former hockey player from Toronto, Canada,That night Hewitt had defeated one of the Fan favorites in an earlier bout and had dressed in street clothes. He was soon spotted near ringside and was was seconding WALLY DUSEK against RAY VILLMER in the Main-Event. The crowd didn't agree to this and all of a sudden some spectator jumped up from his seat at ringside and took a swing at Hewitt, while several others joined in before the Police could break-up the mob. Seeing he couldn't fight off the mob of angry fools, Hewitt ducked under the ring. They had a hard time breaking up what almost turned into a full scale riot. The Police got Hewitt back to the dressing room. Before he was rescued the poor wrestler had lost his clothes, his bill fold and his watch. He finally made it back to the dressing room in his underwear. Eight stitches had to be taken in his leg to close a gaping wound after a knife weilding spectator had chased him under the ring. It was close. Said the husky fellow later " I was lucky to get out of that one with my whole skin." They even broke down the guard rail. I lost my pants, my billfold, my keys and my dignity that night."

fun) the promise of young nubiles shamelessly exposing their breasts and dancing lewdly whenever they could get away with it helped attendance and enhanced our reputations. These surreal multi-media presentations foreshadowed the concept of performance art by many years. My artist friends assisted with set design, which was always quite striking. Musicians are much bigger whores than exotic dancers anyway. We were not prone to refusing generosity in any form. Besides, we were pretty good both musically and visually. Normally a very shy person, my schizophrenic and exhibitionist compulsions were ominously revealed through my cadaverous and zombie-like stage persona. It was a look which worked for me.

The backstage area at venues such as the Kinetic Playground, the Aragon Ballroom, Heads Up! and the Cellar often resembled a Martian opium den. Strange women performed strange acts in semi-public (or is it semi-private?) and occasionally my friends of either sex succumbed to said acts. In these glorious post-pill, pre-AIDS days, modesty was not a virtue which was held in high regard. Safe sex back then meant not getting murdered by an irate boyfriend or lesbian lover. I imbibed in everything that a liberal minded heterosexual male would dare attempt (except for tattoos!).

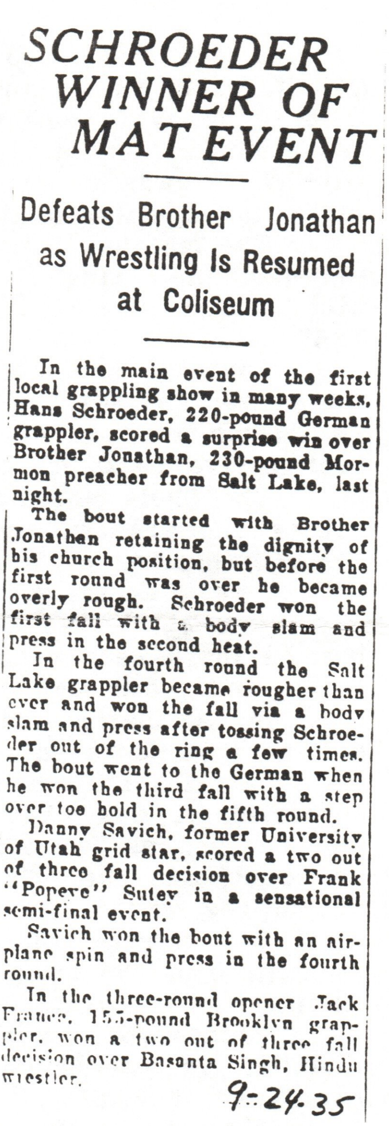
There was a kinship among those involved in literature, art, music, acting, and dare I say it?... pro wrestling, which really defined the times we lived in. Since my compatriots were somewhat older than me I heard many fond recollections of the beatnik era and how superior it was to the hippie movement; the main distinction being that the beatniks did their thing while minding their own business whereas hippies wanted to change the world with their patchouli laden omnipresence. I liked the long hair and the promiscuity but screw that peace crap!

Throughout all this, it was music, trashy cult films and pro wrestling which were the common bonds in all of our lives. Even though I was a performer myself, I would often forsake the concert and club scene for the chance to get splattered by Dick the Bruiser's blood in the front row of the International Amphitheater in Chicago. The girls loved wrestling too and would often have to be discouraged from partially disrobing to the delight of their favorite wrestlers, since this form of fan appreciation was deemed inappropriate for a family gathering such as this. And there was always the drive-in theater, which was the only way to see cheap exploitation movies. While pimple ridden teenagers were working up hormone induced fevers in the back seats of beat up Chevys, we would react verbally to particularly wild scenes in a manner not tolerated at indoor theaters. Although we were a relatively harmless bunch, I can appreciate the fact that we didn't appear that way to most people. Surprisingly enough, my immediate circle of friends never ran into any serious trouble with the law. We were good observers of life and knew when discretion was appropriate. For the most part, we were never habitual drug abusers although we did have our moments and there was much temptation. Some souls found nirvana through LSD and heroin while we smoked a joint and blissed out on **Beyond the Valley of the Dolls**. It was always more entertaining to watch other people take drugs anyway. That way we didn't miss anything.

Eventually we all had to grow up just a bit and find legitimate ways to support ourselves. I was somehow able to attend college and find employment as a chemical technologist. Many of my friends have either settled down or passed away. It is almost shocking how good the women still look but perhaps they were always the most stable among us anyway. Today we are more amused than ashamed of some of the things we did and reminiscences of past exploits garner more laughter than embarrassment. So many activities which were once considered good clean fun are now deadly. Sadly, we find ourselves reuniting these days more for funerals than for social festivities, but when we do we somehow manage to find time to pop a vintage Russ Meyer or H.G. Lewis tape into the VCR to try to remember what we were doing when we saw these films for the first time.

I have always maintained that a little insanity is good for the spirit and perhaps that, combined with pleasant memories, is what keeps us going through relatively placid times. We have reached the final plateau. Today I have come to the conclusion that there are 2 types of people in this world - those who do and those who write! I can now look back on it all and chuckle.

(This piece originally appeared in **A Stream of Semi-Consciousness**).



SCHROEDER WINNER OF MAT EVENT

Defeats Brother Jonathan as Wrestling Is Resumed at Coliseum

In the main event of the first local grappling show in many weeks, Hans Schroeder, 220-pound German grappler, scored a surprise win over Brother Jonathan, 230-pound Mormon preacher from Salt Lake, last night.

The bout started with Brother Jonathan retaining the dignity of his church position, but before the first round was over he became overly rough. Schroeder won the first fall with a body slam and press in the second heat.

In the fourth round the Salt Lake grappler became rougher than ever and won the fall via a body slam and press after tossing Schroeder out of the ring a few times. The bout went to the German when he won the third fall with a step over toe hold in the fifth round.

Danny Savich, former University of Utah grid star, scored a two out of three fall decision over Frank "Popeye" Sutey in a sensational semi-final event.

Savich won the bout with an airplane spin and press in the fourth round.

In the three-round opener Jack France, 155-pound Brooklyn grappler, won a two out of three fall decision over Basanta Singh, Hindu wrestler.

9-24-35

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WAR IN BIRMINGHAM BY: DAVID WILLIAMSON

In the fall of 1977, promoter Nick Gulas did all the wrestling fans, like myself, a big favor, and set up one of those "battle of the bullies" bouts that he used to do every now and then, where the heel grapplers faced off with each other. Those kind of bouts usually meant wild action, and as a secret heel fan (back then, anyway- crowds would make it HARD on you if you openly cheered the bad guys), I really loved matches on that order.

The matches I saw took place in Birmingham, Ala. It featured the local area top heel duo, "King" Ripper Collins and "Crazy" Luke Graham, versus the big name wild team of The Sheik and Abdullah the Butcher. Fans knew this was going to be a BRAWL!

Boutwell Auditorium was packed on that Monday night, and I was as hyped up as the other fans for the main event. The four veteran grapplers didn't let us down. The match was one of the wildest, roughest, all-out brawls that I've seen in my twenty-five years of watching wrestling.

The Sheik and Abdullah used every possible weapon you could think of on Collins and Graham, and the four men pounded the heck out of each other. A very bloody Graham ended up getting pinned, to the crowd's delight, as the team of Collins and Graham were #1 on the Birmingham fans' hate list.

A rematch was set up for the next Monday. Once again over four thousand fans jammed in to see another wild donnybrook. The four men once again tore into each other, and blood flowed easily again. The battle see-sawed back and forth until later in the match Abdullah was in a frenzy working over both Collins and Graham, and he refused repeatedly to tag the Sheik, who was wanting in. Finally the Sheik got frustrated and raced into the ring and attacked Abdullah! The fans were surprised, as was Abdullah and the Collins-Graham duo! Ripper and Luke stood back and watched as The Sheik attacked Abdullah, and the two battered each other over and over, and they finally ended up out in the crowd, with fans scurrying to get out of the way.

The referee counted out the Sheik-Butcher team, and the Collins-Graham duo got the win, and the emotionally drained crowd left after the Sheik and Abdullah finally were separated.

Things got the wildest the following Monday! This time the main-event was Abdullah vs. the Sheik. I and the other fans knew this was going to be all-out "war" and it WAS!

Both men once again used every illegal weapon they could get their hands on, to repeatedly inflict damage on their opponent. They weren't in the ring long, taking most of their battle out into the crowd. They would part, and then ram together in a violent collision, both men bleeding heavily and Abdullah screaming loud over and over.

After brawling all over the arena floor, the two warriors fought their way up the staircase leading up to the auditorium lobby. I, and a flock of other fans, rushed into the lobby to watch these two go at each other, slugging, kicking, punching, and biting, with the fans circled around them, screaming and yelling while the police tried to keep the fans back.

Abdullah and the Sheik left the lobby, fought out into the ticket offices, then left the auditorium, crossed the sidewalk, and ended up fighting in the middle of 8th Avenue, the main street IN FRONT OF THE AUDITORIUM! Traffic was halted by the police, until they could coax both combatants back inside Boutwell Auditorium.

Finally, police and promotion security and officials were able to guide both men back to the dressing rooms. As expected, the referee had counted both men out long before.

That was one night that I'll never forget. Promoter Nick Gulas always gave the Birmingham fans action packed bouts. By the way, there was no return bout held. How could they top that last bout?

(EDITOR'S NOTE: DAVID WILLIAMSON OF 3405 FREEWILL ROAD- CLEVELAND TN. 37312-2030 WOULD LOVE TO CORRESPOND WITH LONG-TIME WRESTLING FANS! DROP HIM A LINE TODAY! WOULD ALSO LIKE TO CORRECT A MISTAKE FROM A PREVIOUS ARTICLE- THE ORIGINAL 198 NIGHTMARES WERE DANNY DAVIS AND TED ALLEN- NOT KEN WAYNE.-E.G.)

Interview with Blackjack Mulligan
By: Ms Billie Jessee

Q: What is your real name?
A: Bob Windham
Q: How did you get your start in wrestling?
A: I was a football player with New York and got hurt. Then Verne Gagne picked me up on a contract.
Q: Where were you born?
A: I was born in Roscoe, Tx. It's just about 7 miles south of Sweetwater.
Q: What kind of amateur background do you have?
A: All the way through Sweetwater High School and wrestled at El Paso College for four years.
Q: Who were you trained by?
A: I got my training from Verne Gagne and Joe Blanchard in Minnesota. Once I came out of football, I just stayed in professional wrestling. There was about 3 or 4 of us at in those days, who came out of football like Wahoo McDaniels, Ernie Ladd, Walter Johnson<who played for the Cleveland Browns>. We made more money in wrestling than we did in football.
Q: What wrestlers did you admire while growing up?
A: They were so many of them. Luke Graham, Verne Gagne, Wilbur Snyder, Joe Blanchard but I guess Gene Kiniski was my all-time favorite and was the greatest champion of all time.
Q: Did you pattern your style of wrestling after anyone?
A: Actually, I patterned my style of wrestling after my uncle Red Childers, who was never defeated at the Rock Inn. Rock Inn was a bar they had in Sweetwater, where wrestling was held every Sat night.
Q: What do you consider to be your strongest point?
A: Right now, I would have to say my experience and strength.
Q: Who do you credit as being the strongest influence on you?
A: My uncle Red and Joe Childers, who were undefeated in Sweetwater, Tx.
Q: Have you wrestled overseas?
A: Yeah...every country...just been everywhere. Russia, South Africa, Africa, Middle East...no name it, I've been there.
Q: Who has been your toughest opponent?
A: My toughest opponent is probably myself. There are so many it's almost impossible to name just one. Dick the Bruiser, Superstar Billy Graham, Bruno Sammartino, Bill Miller, my son-in-law Mike Rotundo is right up there with the best of them. Now, some of my toughest "friends" are Bruiser Brody, Big John Studd, Barry and Kendall.
Q: Will wrestling ever come to the point of having only one world champion?
A: No, I don't think so.
Q: What type of workout schedule do you have?
A: Oh, yeah. As you know, I'm at the training school, right now and the guys are in the middle of a training session. We are in the ring everyday and workout with weights, do lots of situps, work on the chest, daily.
Q: Do you remember your debut match?
A: Yeah, I'll never forget it as long as I live. I went against Joe Blanchard, who is one of the toughest guys I've ever met and had a lot to do with my training. The match was held in Corpus Christi, Tx.
Q: What is your height and weight?
A: I'm 6'7 and weigh 315 lbs
Q: How long have you been wrestling?
A: About 23 years and getting better everyday.

Q: We know you have worked for the major leagues as well as the independent promoters. How do you feel about the independent promotions compared to the major leagues?
A: Wrestling has lost its feeders into the main systems. We're not getting the quality of wrestling like we got when we had the little territories. Wrestling will die if we cease to have independent promoters and within those promotions are gems and diamonds in the rough...I'm talking about the future stars and they're coming from the independents. I've got some guys here in my gym that are going to be future stars..big stars in the sport.
Q: How do you feel about the Athletic Commissions?
A: I think they're a pain. If they're going to be a commission, why don't they give us insurance in case we get hurt? They want to regulate and take 3% off the top of the gate but they don't give us any insurance to take care of us if we get hurt. They just take from the wrestlers and promoters and give us nothing in return. If they did their job properly and helped the wrestlers, I think the commission would be great.
Q: What has been your greatest moment?
A: My kids and my family. I don't feel that way about winning wrestling championships because I work hard and I expect it. If you work hard, things will happen for you. I've had a full life...my ups...my downs!
Q: What has been you the most embarrassing moment in your career?
A: I've had so many...It was embarrassing to know that I let people down who looked up to me and depended on me.

FEB. 25 SHOW

Black Jack Whips Pair of Wrestlers

Black Jack Mulligan disposed of both Lee Wong and Ernie Lassiter in a handicap match last night in one of the co-features on the wrestling program at National Arena. D.C. STAR

Pedro Morales whipped the Black Demon in the other headliner. In supporting bouts, the Masked Venus joined the Fabulous Moolah in taking two straight falls from Helen O'Connell and R[illegible]a Sanchez, Jack Evans whipped Tomas Marin, Manuel Soto beat Chuck Richards, The Wolfman defeated Joe Turco and Bull Pometti turned back Mike Conrad. 1971

NEXT ISSUE'S
INTERVIEW: FRED
BLASSIE!!!
DON'T MISS IT!!!

MARCH 4, 1971 Show

Black Jack Beats Two Wrestlers

Black Jack Mulligan was too much for Carlos Peredes and Tomas Marin last night, using a series of power holds to defeat the pair in a handicap bout on the weekly wrestling card at National Arena. (PLUS IRON CLAW)

Pedro Morales won from the Wolfman, Chief Jay Strongbow subdued Chuck Richards, Manuel Sota deflated Al Coco, Tony Marino defeated Jean DuBois, Bull Pometti disposed of Lee Wong and Mike Conrad took two of three falls from Miguel Feliciano in other bouts. D.C.

BILLIE JESSIE'S
FAN CLUBS: NIKITA,
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• Black Jack Mulligan, who took Tony Marino last night, features next Thursday's National Arena wrestling with a match against 400-pound Gorilla Monsoon. In other National Arena bouts last night, Akim Manuka beat Joe Turco, Johnny Rodz downed Lee Wong and Beautiful Bobby reversed Miguel Feliciano. Carlos Peredes downed Bull Molino and Al Nelson rolled over Chuck Richards. Juan Caruso over Al Coco with semi-Boston crab 3/25/71 Show

LAST WORD—The tongue does more harm than the fist.

Q: Has wrestling changed much since you began?

A: Yes. It has taken on more of a theatrical aspect. I wish they would get a little more to the business of what's inside of a guys heart instead of looking at the outside frills and outward appearance. There's some tough guys out there that don't look so great. I think guys should be judged on talent rather than the way they look. A lot of the wrestlers today worry more about their appearance than learning the wrestling trade. Too much tv exposure is also hurting wrestling at the box office.

Q: Who has been some of your tag team partners?

A: My greatest partner was Blackjack Lanza. We were world champions so many times. We held about any tag team title you can name. Lanza is now working with the WWF in the administrative office.

Q: What single wrestler do you admire the most?

A: I would have to say Barry, Kendall and my son-in-law Mike Rotundo.

Q: Have you had any serious injuries?

A: Oh, I've had so many. I've had a punctured lung, been stabbed numerous times in the ring by irate fans. The worst injury happened in Boston Gardens when we were wrestling for the world tag team titles. A fan came into the ring, attack me with a knife in front of 22,000 fans and got away. Just blended in with the crowd.

Q: What titles have you held?

A: Tx Hwt title, US Hwt title, North American Hwt title, WWA World title, Super Hwt Champion, Fl title, Brass Knuckles title, Inspirational Wrestler of the Year in 1978

Q: What advice would you give to a young wrestler just beginning?

A: I train these young guys everyday. You have to be patient, buckle-down, keep training and wait your turn and NEVER give up. When you're counted out and counted down...don't give up. You never know what's just around the corner for you. You have to be ready morally, physically and being ready for the break. Remember...the secret is "staying there" not getting there. A lot of people get there but very few stay there. You know, my life proves this...when it seems the darkest, you never know what's around the corner.

Q: What promotions have you worked for?

A: I have worked for at some time during my career with just about every promotion you could think of.

Q: Where are you wrestling now?

A: I'm glad you ask that question because it gives me a chance to get right to the thrust of this interview. Eddie Mansfield has took, what some people would say, a chance on a borderline career of mine and expected me to "take the bull by the horns" and lead the IWF into the rankings and I've done that. I've got some of the greatest young talent around me and they can compete anywhere at any level. Eddie took a chance on me and I made a comeback and the IWF is really doing good. We're starting a tour pretty soon so start looking for us because we're going to be all around the country.

Q: What is your finishing move?

A: Oh, I use the "Claw"...a big punch to the jaw, a big giant elbow, jump off the top rope, whatever it takes to win.

Q: What do you think it takes to be a winner?

A: Don't Quit! The secret is..."Not If You Get Beat, If You Get Back To Your Feet." That goes for wrestling, life or anything else. It all boils down to this...Get Back On Your Feet. We all get knocked down but can we get back on our feet? That's the secret!

Q: Are there any holds or moves that should be barred from the sport?

A: No...I come from the old school. Catch as catch can...I say "Let it all go and may the best man win."

Q: In your opinion, should the promoters have random steroid testing?

A: You know, my generation of guys took steroids and it worked and nobody said anything about it. We went 10-15 yrs taking them, when it was legal and then some crybaby started crying about it. Steroids are not the problem. What they're really trying to do is cover up the cocaine problem with this steroid thing. Steroids do work but where all the guys went wrong with these things is when they started believing that "more is better...that's wrong. Steroids were created for paraplegics with the minimum effort to get the maximum gain. Some of the wrestlers are all sour grapes about it but they haven't proved that steroids actually caused their ailments. There's been no medical proof of that. Now, I do believe that if you are born with something genetically wrong with you, taking steroids will enhance or increase your odds of that happening because whatever's in your body will grow. Steroids are dangerous but there is a place and use for them. Abuse of anything turns into a monster.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17th, 1975

M A I N B O U T

RETURN MATCH FOR WWWF CHAMPIONSHIP

Ivan KOLOFF Russia - 260	vs	**Bruno SAMMARTINO** Abruzzi, Italy - 265

Guest Referee: GORILLA MONSOON

4 MAN TAG TEAM MATCH — 2 out of 3 Falls

Blackjack LANZA Texas - 280		**Louis CERDAN** France - 240
and	VS	and
Blackjack MULLIIGAN Texas - 290		**Tony PARISI** Buffalo - 245

— Time Limit Matches —

Buggsie McGRAW San Francisco - 242	vs	**Ivan PUTSKI** Poland - 275
Ernie LADD Houston - 300	vs	**HAYSTACKS Calhoun** Morgans Cor., Ark. - 600
Spiros ARRION Greece - 260	vs	**Dominick DeNUCCI** Italy - 260
Baron SCICLUNA Isle of Malta - 275	vs	**Irish Pat BARRETT** Dublin, Ireland - 260
Johnny RODZ New York - 240	vs	**Billy ROBINSON** England - 250
Fabulous Frank MONTE Kansas City - 235	vs	**Francisco FLORES** Mexico - 245
Kevin SULLIVAN Boston - 235	vs	**Pete SANCHEZ** Cleveland - 240
Dave O'HANNAN Providence - 240	vs	**Manuel SOTO** Puerto Rico - 235

FIRST BOUT STARTS AT 8:30 P. M.

Ring Ramblings

7/82

by Al Askew

Welcome to another edition of Ring Ramblings. Well, I guess that once again the wrestling promotion at the Nassau Coliseum has arranged a great night of wrestling for you on July 21. There are many interesting situations that indeed could develop, and I'd like to capsulize the three title matches on tap:

Bob Backlund versus Jimmy "Superfly" Snuka (main event): The bouts that these two have had in the past have been classics, and the July 21 one should be no exception. Only this time, expect Snuka to really make life even more miserable for Backlund. I've heard that the Superfly is working on a new maneuver to use on Backlund. Lou Albano is really intent on getting that belt.

Pedro Morales versus Black Jack Mulligan: This one is too close to call. Power against power should dominate this contest, and although either man could win on the spur of the moment, one might have to believe that Mulligan might have just a little more staying power than Pedro, due to Morales' rigorour schedule that he has.

Mr. Fuji and Mr. Saito versus the Strongbow Brothers: With the Tag Team Championship on the line, the incentive is there for the Strongbows to go all the way. And I think that we'll see that happen. Jay and Jules have taken on all comers, and as mentioned elsewhere, they've got their opportunity. I'm not taking anything away from Fuji and Saito; they are fighting champions. But they are going to really have to pull out all the stops to stop the rolling thunder that the Strongbows have going for them.

And there is also another question that could be answered: Can Tony Atlas life the huge Swede Hanson over his head? We'll find out on the 21st.

RAMBLETTES . . . One thing can be said about the Grand Wizard: He is always searching to increase his stable of talent. And he has tabbed another man in Playboy Buddy Rose. He is built in the same vein that the Wizard enjoys: life in the fast lane, only the best things that money can buy, and he is always surrounded by beautiful women. Plus, he can wrestle. Mr. Rose was the top dog for the last seven years on the west coast, and now wants a similar position here. If he keeps going like he has, he just may get there sooner than he thinks.

That's all for now. See you next issue.

Q: So many of your fans want to know the real truth about your and Kendalls' involvement with counterfeiting bills. Your fans stand behind you but they just want to hear it from you.

A: Well, I'll put it like this, Billie, as Clark Clifford and a few other guys are fixin' to find out, when you get to rollin' real high and you feel invulnerable that nobody can touch you or that you become so wealthy that you're above everything...sometimes you get taken down a notch to learn a lesson. I was rolling so high and so wealthy in such a fast lane and got mixed up with the wrong people and was taught a lesson that I will never forget. It's as simple as that. I was there...I was wrong...and served every stinkin' day and paid the price. A lot of people, now that I'm gaining success again, really like to dig me with that. But my life is an open book and if anybody takes any shots at the IWF, me or anybody else because of that...that's pretty weak! We all have skeletons in our closets that we want to keep hidden but what you see with me is what you get. I'm not looking back...I'm looking forward. I guess you could say that I'm semi-retired from wrestling at this time. Again, I have been fortunate enough to hook up with a movie production company and I'm leaning more toward acting and have already began starring in some movies.

Q: What is your hobbies and interest, outside of wrestling?

A: Still doing the cattle thing down here in Florida. Compared to my lifestyle before, my life is very simple...taking care of my cattle and chickens.

Q: Do you have any brothers or sisters?

A: No, I'm the only child.

Q: Are you married?

A: Yes

Q: Do you have children?

A: Barry and Kendall and of course, Mike Rotundo <my son-in-law> is like a son to me.

Q: What kind of music do you enjoy?

A: Well, I like country and western, of course, and some old rock music. I have a varied like of music now.

Q: Who is your favorite singer?

A: Probably Michael Bolden. He has a great song out called "Back On The Street Again, Back On My Feet Again"

Q: What is your favorite food?

A: Mashed potatoes and red beans

Q: When is your birthday?

A: November 25

Q: What is your favorite color?

A: Blue

Q: Would you like to add anything to the interview before we close?

A: Well, I would like to thank you for the interview and would also like to mention a newcomer that I'm training here in my gym. This guy will definitely be a future wrestling star. He is 5 years old and his name is Windham Rotundo. He's a monster. He is already about 4'11 and weighs about 160 lbs. Don't forget that name, folks, because he's coming!

BLACKJACK MULLIGAN

ANNUAL 1993

Rarities...Oddities...and Territories!

Evan Ginzburg/Howard Roth Co-Editors

$8.00 (Cheap!)

UPCOMING WT&N INTERVIEWS: ENJOY ONE EACH & EVERY ISSUE---
Johnny Valentine, Don Owen, Vladimir Koloff, Power Twins
Paul Roma, Lanny Poffo, Tiger Conway Jr. & Sr., Ox Baker
and many, many more including clips on their careers!

LETTERS TO WT&N

I love your newsletter. I'm a big, big wrestling fan who loves the older style wrestling from the 1920's to the 60's. I'm 32 years old, but have been watching wrestling for 27 years! I remember Cora Combs when she wrestled for the NWA and WWA. She was the United States Women's Champion in the NWA and in the WWA she was the World Champion in the WWA. She was my favorite back in the 60's, and still is. My great grandmother had the very first tape of the very first women's world wrestling champion from 1919 to 1931- Cora Livingston. Do you know where I can get any other tapes of her? I want the tape where Clara Mortenson won the World Title from Cora in 1931. I have a tape where Clara is in it twice and Violet Viann is wrestling. She was Billy Wolf's daughter. Billy, as you know, was married to Mildred Burke, Nell Stewart, Mae Weston and Dot Dotson. I am a big fan of the late Mildred Burke and have a tape of her defending her belt against Mae Weston. It's called Lipstick and Dynamite. Anyway, if anyone can help me find the Livingston tapes, I would be most appreciative...

DAVE SOULIGNY
RR #6
MERLIN, ONTARIO
CANADA NOP-1W0

Steve 'Crusher' Casey, at 78, World Champion wrestler, Boston favorite

1993

WORLD Champion wrestler Steve "Crusher" Casey was a giant Irishman with hands like twin clusters of bananas. Fourteen-inch hands that spawned gigantic fists — bigger than Primo Carnera's or Jack Dempsey's.

Shoulders almost as wide as a door crowned his powerful chest. His long arms and legs were like study young oaks.

But last Friday afternoon in the Brockton VA Hospital "Crusher was a bag of bones and dying," old friend and former wrestler George Franklin, said yesterday.

"He had a long bout with cancer and it did a job on him. He couldn't talk, but recognized me and pushed that big hand out and grabbed me when I came in.

"The hand was 78 years old and tired, but you knew it still measured 14 inches from thumb to little finger," said Franklin, 69, a retired Allston-Brighton piano dealer.

Crusher Casey — Boston's last great pre-television sports hero, world champion from 1936 to 1946 — slipped into a coma Saturday and died Saturday night.

A funeral Mass will be said Thursday at 10 a.m. in St. Anthony's Church, Cohasset. A one-night wake will be held tomorrow from 6 to 9 in Sparrell-McNamara Funeral Home, Cohasset.

"I never met a man I was afraid of — in or out of the ring," Casey, then 26, announced in a soft brogue after docking in East Boston in 1936, fresh from Sneem, County Kerry, with 201 professional European wrestling triumphs behind him.

"If Crusher wasn't the best wrestler in the world, he was the toughest," said Franklin, who never battled, but appeared on the same card with the 6-foot-2, 220-pound champion.

"If he was going to lose, you had to beat him and there weren't many who could do that."

Crusher Casey wasn't a playboy or a boozer. He was an Irish country boy and among the sport's last legitimate champions before professional wrestling became what he called "a circus." He actually preferred rowing to wrestling.

The old warrior died with the bullet in his often injured spine, result of a 1968 attempted hold-up of his Mass. Ave. bar.

"I spent 15 months in hospitals and the ones who put me there got nine months in jail," Casey said at the time.

"But I'm still alive because Irishmen never die until they are dead."

Don't Join Cowards -- Only a Coward Throws

Cowards are the only people who throw something at a sports event. If you want to spot a person who just plainly lacks courage, watch to see who throws something. You'll be seeing a first-rate COWARD.

If the people who resort to such disgusting actions had any ability, they wouldn't have to degrade themselves by throwing something. Nobody would deny that the action of hockey, wrestling, basketball or any sport tends to keep a person calm. But it is only the cowards who hurl something that might cause injury to a participant or unsuspecting fan.

St. Louis has a fine record for sportsmanship. That is because St. Louis is the home of very few cowards. Let's hope it stays that way—don't join the cowards.

WINNERS advertise in this Wrestling Program.

Do You Remember . . .

Do you remember the first masked wrestler to appear in St. Louis? Calling himself The Dark Secret, this hooded mystery man made his debut on Sept. 27, 1946. And it wasn't until Dec. 20, 1946, when former champion Sandor Szabo defeated The Secret and revealed him to be Joe Pazandak, a World War Two Hero and ex-college mat star at Minnesota.

Currently local fans are baffled by The Crimson Knight, who has managed to hide his identity longer than any masked matman who has wrestled in St. Louis.

Do you remember these men, who also donned masks in St. Louis—Bill Watts, Nick Roberts, Mike Paidousis, Bobby Graham or Frank Zela?

WRESTLING A SCIENCE?

Carpentier Popular, Though 'Legitimate'

11/57

By LESTER BROMBERG.

With probably 90 percent of the regular fans at Madison Square Garden's wrestling shows, the rough stuff is the thing. Swinging, stomping, swatting — they love it, especially when the craven who started the trouble gets it back from a popular figure.

This makes highly unusual the wide, and genuine, appreciation being accorded Edouard Carpentier, the French headliner, who'll be seen on tomorrow's non-TV program, appearing with, of all people, Wladek (Killer) Kowalski.

Carpentier, only 26 and compactly built, has the athletic verve to slambang with any of them. But no, m'sieu, he is not interested. "It is not fighting, it is wrestling for me, no?" he explains in rather good English learned during five years of campaigning in Canada.

In his previous Garden turn, on Sept. 16, he worked so formfully against Antonino Rocca that the Argentine, going in for furied antics of late, toned himself down.

Kowalski, a mere six-seven and weighing 270 pounds, with no pretensions toward gentlemanly behavior, will be a test for Carpentier's self-control.

"I don't care," he maintained. "Henri DeGlane taught me what is wrestling. And I do not change."

1952 Olympian.

Carpentier's previous training had been as an amateur gymnast in France. He made the Olympic gymnastic team and competed at Helsinki in 1952.

Under the guidance of DeGlane, well known here in the 1920s, he competed all over Europe for two years. Then came his inevitable invasion of French-speaking Montreal. In four appearances he drew a total of 100,000 spectators. When he switched to the "foreign" clime of Toronto, he attained a 14,000 sellout in his second match.

Carpentier's confidence in being able to handle Kowalski is based on what transpired when they met in Montreal. "He kick, he choke, he trip," he said. "But I fix. I give it to him what you say—legitimate? And he fall down, finis for Kowalski. Is good show."